

Lummis

Contains notes on Translations  
of Spanish Songs of Old California

Chata Cara de Bule  
(Bells of the Rosario)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lewis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Vuelve otra vez con tus palabras tiernas,  
Y vendras a consolar a este hombre en su afliccion;  
Quien hubiera sabido que tu amor era ilusion, Ay!  
Para no haber consentido, ni puesto-te tanto amor.

Eran los ocho y media, cuando mi amor te di,  
Los campanas del Rosario, tocaban a la oracion;  
Esa llegando alla Capula, cuando me acorde de ti, Ay!  
Horrorosa, chata cara de Bule, que he de hacer si  
te perdi!

Come as of old and with thy words so tender,  
Come in mercy and console this man afflicted so;  
Who would ever have dreamed it, that thy love was but  
a show, Ay!  
That he never had consented, no, nor staked such love  
on thee.

'Twas half past eight in th'evening when I told my love  
to thee,  
And the church bells of the Rosary were sounding the call  
to prayer;  
I was just getting to Capula, when I chanced to think of  
thee, Ay!  
Oh! my horrid, snub-nosed, dish-face darling, What'll I  
do if I lose thee!

Es el Amor Mariposa  
(Butterfly Love)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lumsis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Es el amor mariposa, que a la salida del sol  
Extiende sus blancas alas, y vuela de flor en flor.  
Es el amor un giligero, que busca su nuevo placer  
Y manda sus dulces cantos a la primera que ve.  
Por eso morena mia, cuando te vi,  
Te dije que te queria, con frenesi.  
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,  
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Es el amor como un niño, caprichoso y jugueton,  
Que por un juguete nuevo, desprecia el que le sirvio.  
En este mundo, paloma, todo pasa tan veloz,  
Que nos deja saboreando, aquello que nos gustó.  
Por eso si no te enoja este cantar,  
Esa tu boquita roja, abrela ya.  
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,  
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Love is a butterfly over, that with the first sunny hour  
Wide opens on snowy pinions, and flutters from flower to flower.  
Love is the likes of a linnet, that pleasure in novelty greets,  
And pours out his love-song golden, wherever a Mer he meets.  
And so when I first espied thee, my nut-brown maid,  
In frenzy of love beside thee, thy love I prayed;  
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -  
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,  
How blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby, capricious and plaything-mad,  
That, ay, for a newer plaything disprizes the one he had.  
In this our world, my Paloma, all passes away, and so fast,  
It leaves in the mouth but savor of sweetness already past.  
And so, if thou'rt not offended by this my lay,  
That little rose mouth, bow-bowed, open, I pray!  
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -  
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,  
How blest we'll be.

SPANISH SONGS  
OF  
OLD CALIFORNIA

---

1st BOOK.

- |                         |                          |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. La Ramasa            | 8. El Capatzen           |
| 2. La Barquillera       | 9. La Primavera          |
| 3. El Quelele           | 10. El Papa              |
| 4. La Noche 'sta Serena | 11. Es el Amor Mariposa  |
| 5. El Capotin           | 12. La Magica Muger      |
| 6. Chata Cara de Bulo   | 13. El Charro            |
| 7. Pena Buena           | 14. Adios, Adios Amores. |

1st BOOK.

- |                         |                         |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. La Hamaca            | 8. El Capatzen          |
| 2. La Barquillera       | 9. La Primavera         |
| 3. El Cocololo          | 10. El Papa             |
| 4. La Noche 'sta Serena | 11. Es el Amor Mariposa |
| 5. El Capotán           | 12. La Magica Mujer     |
| 6. Chata Cara de Bule   | 13. El Charro           |
| 7. Pena Nueva           | 14. Adios, Adios Amores |

La Hamaca

(The Hammock)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonised by  
Arthur Farwell

Tengo mi hamaca tendida, en la orilla del mar,  
Y mi cabaña escondida en medio de un platanal.  
Sombre me da el bosque, brisa me da el mar,  
Trinos el consonte, que bello es amar,  
Que bella es la vida, meciendo se va.  
Cual mi hamaca tendida de aquí para allá,  
de allá para acá.

Recuerdos traigo en el alma, que me hacen mucho sufrir.  
No me los miro con calma, porque me siento el morir.  
Dale tu el alivio a mi cruel pensar,  
Calma mi martirio, no me hagas llorar.  
Ven que entre mis brazos, te quiero arrullar  
Con el dulce murmullo del agua del mar, del  
agua del mar.

I have my hammock aswinging, down by the side of the sea.  
Hidden my cabin is clinging where the banana grows free.  
Breezes the sea it brings me, shady's my grove above,  
Songs the mock-bird sings me, How lovely is love!  
How lovely is living! Life sways to its bliss  
Like my hammock a-giving a rock-a-by that way, rock-a-  
by this.

Memories bear I at heart, love, sorely I suffer thereby.  
Treat me not cold and apart, love, for I am thinking to die.  
Give me thou the easing here of my hurt so deep,  
Martyrdom unceasing, O make me not weep!  
Come here to mine arms, love, I'd rock thee to sleep  
Swaying away to the murmur of lullaby wavelets, waves  
of the deep.

*just Death very nigh*

# El quelele

## The White Hawk

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Dunne

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
A las tres de la mañana;  
El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y la llevan a enterrar.

Tres dragones y un cabo, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y el gato de sacristan.  
Y los Queleles chiquitos, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
YK se murian de llorar.

Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Died as the morning was breaking;  
Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Now to his grave he must go.

Three dragons and a corp'ral, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Tom-cat for a sacristan too.  
And all the baby Queleles, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Cry them to death in their woe.

La Noche 'sta Serena

(Serenade)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lumsden

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

La noche 'sta serena, Tranquillo el aquilon,

Tu dulce sentinela, Te guarda el corazon.

Y en alas de los zefiros, Que vagan por doquier,

Volando van mis suplicas, A ti, bella muger. ) Bis

De un corazon que te ama, Recibe el tierno amor;

No aumentas mas la llama, Piedad de un trovador.

Y si te muere a lastima, Mi eterno padecer,

Como te amo amame, Bellisima muger. ) Bis

So fair and still the night is, The very winds asleep:

Thy sentinel so tender His watch and ward doth keep.

And on the wings of zephyrs soft, That wander how they will,

To thee, my fair one, all to thee, My prayers go flatt'ring still. ) Bis

Oh, take this heart to thy heart, His heart that doth adore!

Fan not the flame consuming, That burns thy troubadour.

And if compassion stir thy breast, For my eternal woe,

Oh, as I love thee, loveliest of women, love me so! ) Bis

El Capotín  
(The Rain Song)

Yo soy firme para amarte y constante en el querer,  
Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando quiere a una mujer!

Con el capotín-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,  
Con el capotín-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer.  
Con el capotín-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,  
Con el capotín-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando empieza a enamorarse,  
Toma vino, se emborracha, y se acuesta sin cenar.

Con el capotín-, etc.

No me mates, no me mates, con pistola ni puñal,  
Matame con tus ojitos, e esos labios de coral.

Con el capotín-, etc.

I am bounden for to love thee, and my constancy I'll show;  
O the troubles of a fellow when he loves a woman so!

With the capotín-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,  
With the capotín-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.  
With the capotín-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,  
With the capotín-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.

What hard knocks befall a fellow when he falls in love at sight!  
Takes to wine and gets befuddled, goes to bed without a bite.

With the capotín-, etc.

Do not kill me, do not kill me, with a pistol or a knife!  
Kill me, rather, with thine eyes, love, with these red lips  
take my life.

With the capotín-, etc.

Note. The capotín is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a  
thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This  
is one of the best of the onomatopoeic songs of Spanish-  
America.

Chata Cara de Bule  
(Bells of the Rosario)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lumsels

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Vuelve otra vez con tus palabras tiernas,  
Y vendras a consolar a este hombre en su afliccion;  
Quien hubiera sabido que tu amor era ilusion, Ay!  
Para no haber consentida, ni puesto-te tanto amor.

Eran las ocho y media, cuando mi amor te di,  
Los campanos del Rosario, tocaban a la oracion;  
Iba llegando alla Capula, cuando me acorde de ti, Ay!  
Horrorosa, chata cara de bule, que he de hacer si  
te perdi!

Come as of old and with thy words so tender,  
Come in mercy and console this man afflicted so;  
Who would ever have dreamed it, that thy love was but  
a show, Ay!  
That he never had consented, no, nor staked such love  
on thee.

'Twas half past eight in th'evening when I told my love  
to thee,  
And the church bells of the Rosary were sounding the call  
to prayer;  
I was just getting to Capula, when I chanced to think of  
thee, Ay!  
Oh! my horrid, snub-nosed, dish-face darling, What'll I  
do if I lose thee!

Peña Hueca

(A Teamster's Song)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Peña de aquel cerro alto,  
Donde mi amada pasa la vida,  
Donde estará la consentida, ay!  
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Si estoy despierto, te estoy mirando,  
Si estoy dormido, te estoy soñando;  
Siempre la junta andando, ay!  
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Cliff of that lofty mountain,  
Where she my loved one doth dwell contented,  
There, where she is that hath consented, ay!  
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

When I am waking, I see thy seeming,  
When I am sleeping, of thee I'm dreaming;  
E'er with my oxen teaming, ay!  
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

Note: Peña Hueca, a tiny Mexican hamlet named after the peculiar cliff behind it. (Peña, "cliff"; Hueca, "hollow", or "cave".)  
Pronounced Pain-ya Way-ca.

El Zapatero  
The Shoemaker

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Jannis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Yo le dije a un zapatero  
Que me hiciera unos zapatos,  
Con el piquito redondo  
Como los tienen los patos.

Mal haya el zapatero, )  
Como me engañó! )  
No hizo los zapatos ) Bis  
Y el piquito no! )

I spoke to a shoemaker  
For to make me a pair of shoeses,  
With the toes all nicely rounded  
Like a duck's bill or a gooses.

Confound that old shoemaker, )  
How he fooled me, though! )  
He made me up the shoeses, ) Bis  
But not the duck-bill toe! )

La Primavera  
(In Springtime)

Ya viene la primavera, sembrando flores, sembrando flores, ay, ay!  
Y ya los campos se esmaltan de mil colores, de mil colores.  
Cantan las aves, cantan las aves,  
Los otros repitan sus trinos suaves, sus trinos suaves.

No me mires que nos miran que nos miramos, que nos miramos, ay, ay!  
Y mirándonos se dice que nos amamos, que nos amamos.  
No nos miremos, no nos miremos,  
Que cuando no nos miran, nos miraremos, nos miraremos.

De sepulcro en sepulcro voy preguntando, voy preguntando, ay, ay!  
Si allí mora algún alma que murio amando, que murio amando.  
Respondió me una, respondió me una:  
"De mujeres millares, de hombre ninguna, de hombre ninguna."

Now cometh the springtime tender, wild flowers sowing, wild flow-  
ers sowing, ay, ay!  
And now are the fields a-splendor, all colors glowing, all colors  
glowing.  
Bird songs are ringing, bird songs are ringing,  
All the hills of the valley echo their singing, echo their singing.  
Eye me not for they are eying us, and they see us eye, see us eye-  
ing, ay, ay!  
And eyeing at us they're saying that we are <sup>eye</sup> ~~saying~~ing, yes, lovers'  
eyeing.  
Now they are spying, now they are spying,  
When their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eyeing, then we'll  
be eyeing.

From grave unto grave I make my way, tapping, asking each, asking,  
proving, ay, ay!  
Is any soul here, I wonder, that died of loving, died just of  
loving?  
One answered candid, one answered candid,  
"Women, yes, by ten thousands, never <sup>man</sup> ~~man~~ did! Never a man did!"

Pepa

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lunnis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farvell

Quiero a mi Pepa y no es broma, Por que es hombrea muy formal,  
Ella me hace doler Si a la ventana se asoma  
Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, paloma,  
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,  
Ay! salero, ven aca.

Soy mas duro que una peña, Y mi Pepa se deshace,  
Con la mueca que me hace Y el ojito que me guiña.  
Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, paloma,  
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,  
Ay! salero, ven aca.

No hay otra hombrea en Sevilla De mas rango y mas moneo,  
Ni de tanto zarandeo Como tiene mi Pepilla.  
Y chillia, y chillia; Por Dios, niña, no me riñas,  
Ni me hagas enfadar. Vales mas que el mundo entero,  
Ay! salero, ven aca.

I love Pepa and that's no story, For she is a dame of honor,  
Sets me wild to gaze upon her At her easement in her glory.  
And take it, yes, toma; Put me up thy beak, Paloma,  
And it's Attie salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me!

I am harder than the granite And my Pepa has me crumbled,  
Making mouths to keep me humbled, And her little wink began it.  
And take it, yes, toma; Put me up thy beak, Paloma,  
And its Attie salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me.

Not a dame in all Sevilla of more quality nor brinner,  
Nor so lovely, lively a frisker As my very own Pepilla.

She's bawling, and bawling, Goodness, girl, be done with bawling,  
And not always disagree! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me.

Es el Amor Mariposa  
(Butterfly Love)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Es el amor mariposa, que a la salida del sol  
Extiende sus blancas alas, y vuela de flor en flor.  
Es el amor un giguero, que busca su nuevo placer  
Y manda sus dulces cantos a la primera que ve.  
Por ese morena mía, cuando te vi,  
Te dije que te quería, con frenesí.  
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,  
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Es el amor como un niño, caprichoso y juguetón,  
Que por un juguete nuevo, desprecia el que le sirvió.  
En este mundo, paloma, todo pasa tan veloz,  
Que nos deja saboreando, aquello que nos gustó.  
Por ese si me te enoja este cantar,  
Esa tu boquita roja, abraza ya.  
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,  
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Love is a butterfly over, that with the first sunny hour  
Wide opens on snowy pinions, and flutters from flower to flower.  
Love is the likes of a linnet, that pleasure in novelty greets,  
And pours out his love-song golden, wherever a Mer he meets.  
And so when I first espied thee, my nut-brown maid,  
In frenzy of love beside thee, thy love I prayed;  
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -  
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,  
How blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby, capricious and plaything-mad,  
That, aye, for a newer plaything disprizes the one he had.  
In this our world, my Paloma, all passes away, and so fast,  
It leaves in the mouth but savor of sweetness already past.  
And so, if thou'rt not offended by this my lay,  
That little rose mouth, bar-bended, open, I pray!  
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -  
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,  
How blest we'll be.

La Magica Mujer  
(The Witch)

*Enchantment*

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Luanda

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Darwell

Una linda y magica mujer  
Me encanta con solo su mirar,  
Es vision o no se que,  
O es tan solo un angel sin igual.

Con un beso ardiente que me dió  
Con sus labios de coral me mato, me mato;  
Ay, y todita su amor a mi me entrego  
En mis brazos yo tenia reclinada a mi Maria.

Ven-te niña, ven-te, yo quiero darte  
Besos mil y mil,  
Que el que te adora siempre será  
Tuyo para ti.

She's a witch, the queen of witchery,  
She that snared me only with her eye.  
Is't a dream that raptured me,  
Or is't a peerless angel from the sky?

*faith*

In one kiss endearing how she thrilled,  
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed;  
Aye, the full of her love to me she freely willed.  
In my arms I held my Mary, held my yielding, clinging fairy.  
*To my heart I caught my fairy. Caught I held my magic Mary.*  
Come, O maiden, to me, countless of kisses  
All my own to be.  
Thine and adoring ever am I,  
Thine and vowed to thee.

El Charro

The Kind Hearted Boss

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Estaba un charro sentado, En las trancaas de un corral;

)  
) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "No estes triste, Nicolas."

) Bis

Necesito buen caballo, Buena silla y buen gaban;

) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "Lo que gustes, Nicolas."

) Bis

Esa chica que usted tiene, Con ella me he de casar;

) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "Tiene dueño, Nicolas."

) Bis

Nicolas se desespera, y se quiere desbarbancar;

) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "De cabeza, Nicolas."

) Bis

A lonely cow-puncher was moping, On the old corral-bar slick;

) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', But, "Aw, don't be groaching, Nick."

) Bis

I need a good horse and saddle, And a slicker, 'n' I want 'em quick.

) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', But, "What ever you say, Nick."

) Bis

And <sup>your</sup> ~~that~~ little <sup>Mariquita</sup> ~~Sisault~~ shooter, She's just the wife I'd pick.

) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "She is spoke for, Nick."

) Bis

Then Nick gets desperate ready, To jump over the cliff right quick.

) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "Do it head-first, Nick!"

) Bis

Adios, Adios, Amores  
(Farewell, Farewell, Our Loving)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lumsis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Adios, adios amores, Adios porque me ausento,  
Por tanto sentimiento que tu me has dado a mi.  
Por eso ya no quiero Amar mas en las vidas;  
A mi patria querida, Me voy a retirar.

Tu prometes dulzuras, Y solo das pesares:  
Lagrimas a millares Se derraman por ti.  
Y de tu cruel saeta la herida es curada,  
No mas sacrificada, Veras mi libertad.

Desconsuelos y penas, Angustias y dolores  
A tus adoradores No mas les sabes dar.  
Por eso ya no quiero, Amar mas en la vida;  
A mi patria querida, Me voy a retirar.

*Arthur Farwell*  
Farewell, Farewell, our loving! Farewell for I must sever  
From all the ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup> forever That thou hast giv'n to me.  
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;  
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

Thou swearest to bring sweetness, Thou bringest sorrow only,  
A million tears and lonely, Are falling aye for thee.  
Thy cruel arrow's couding Is healed to hurt no longer;  
Thou'lt see me free and stronger, No more a slave to thee.

Disconsolate repining, Alas, and sorrow o'er thee,  
To them that so adore thee, 'Tis all thou know'st to give.  
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;  
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

Corrections for the Engraver - Song: La Primavera.

I am not sure whether the mistake was caught in copy -

The second line of the second verse of the translation  
should read:

And eyeing at us they're saying that we are eyeing, yes, lovers' eyeing,

---

I find a copy in which the error was made of using the word  
"making" instead of eyeing.

Corrections for Engraver ~ Song: La Barquillera

2nd and 3rd verses, both of text and translation, should be transposed. To make it perfectly clear, I have clipped and pasted a copy in the proper order.

Corrections for Engraver - Song: Adios, Adios, Amores.

Change sub-title to (Farewell, O love, forever.)

In the first verse of the translation, make the first two lines read:

Farewell, O love, forever! Farewell, for I must sever  
From all the sorrowsever That thou hast given to me.

Corrections for the Engraver - Song: La Hamaca.

Last verse, second line, correct it to read:

Treat me not cold and apart, love, for I feel Death very nigh.

Corrections for Engraver    -    Song "La Magica Mujer."

Change sub-title "(the witch)" to read "(the enchantress)"

Follow original copy to verse:

"In one kiss endearing how she thrilled me!  
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed.!"

Change the next two lines to read:

"Aye, the fall of her faith to me she freely willed -  
To my heart I caught my fairy, caught and held my magic Mary."

Remainder of song without change.

El Capotín  
(The Rain Song)

Yo soy firme para amarte y constante en el querer,  
Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando quiere a una mujer!

Con el capotín-tín-tín-tín que esta noche va llover,  
Con el capotín-tín-tín-tín que será al amanecer.  
Con el capotín-tín-tín-tín que esta noche va llover,  
Con el capotín-tín-tín-tín que será al amanecer.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando empieza a enamorar,  
Toma vino, se emborracha, y se acuesta sin cenar.

Con el capotín-, etc.

No me mates, no me mates, con pistola ni puñal,  
Matame con tus ojitos, o esos labios de coral.

Con el capotín-, etc.

I am bounden for to love thee, and my constancy I'll show;  
O the troubles of a fellow when he loves a woman so!

With the capotín-tín-tín-tín, for tonight it's going to rain,  
With the capotín-tín-tín-tín, and maybe at dawn again.  
With the capotín-tín-tín-tín, for tonight it's going to rain,  
With the capotín-tín-tín-tín, and maybe at dawn again.

What hard knocks befall a fellow when he falls in love at sight!  
Takes to wine and gets befuddled, goes to bed without a bite.

With the capotín-, etc.

Do not kill me, do not kill me, with a pistol or a knife!  
Kill me, rather, with thine eyes, love, with those red lips  
take my life.

With the capotín-, etc.

Note. The capotín is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a  
thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This  
is one of the best of the onomatopoeitic songs of Spanish-  
America.

El Quelele  
The White Hawk

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
A las tres de la mañana;  
El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y la llevan a enterrar.

Tres dragones y un gato, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y el gato de sacristán.  
Y los Queleles chiquitos, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y se muerian de llorar.

Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Died as the morning was breaking;  
Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Now to his grave he must go.

Three dragoons and a corp'ral, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Tom-cat for a sacristan too.  
And all the baby Queleles, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Cry them to death in their woe.

La Hamaca

(The Hammock)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lums

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Tengo mi hamaca tendida, en la orilla del mar,  
Y mi cabaña escondida en medio de un platanal.  
Sombra me da el bosque, brisa me da el mar,  
Trinos el consiento, que bello es amor,  
Que bella es la vida, meciendo se va.  
Cual mi hamaca tendida de aquí para allá,  
de allá para acá.

Recuerdos traigo en el alma, que me hacen mucho sufrir.  
No me los miro con calma, porque me siento el morir.  
Dale tu el alivio a mi cruel poner,  
Calma mi martirio, no me hagas llorar.  
Ven que entre mis brazos, te quiero arrullar  
Con el dulce murmullo del agua del mar, del  
agua del mar.

I have my hammock swinging, down by the side of the sea.  
Hidden my cabin is clinging where the banana grows free.  
Breezes the sea it brings me, shady's my grove above,  
Songs the mock-bird sings me, How lovely is love!  
How lovely is living! Life aways to its bliss  
Like my hammock a-giving a rock-a-by that way, rock-a-  
by this.

Memories bear I at heart, love, sorely I suffer thereby.  
Treat me not cold and apart, love, for I am thinking to die.  
Give me thou the easing here of my hurt so deep,  
Martyrdom unceasing, O make me not weep!  
Come here to mine arms, love, I'd rock thee to sleep  
Swaying away to the murmur of lullaby wavelets, waves  
of the deep.

La Primavera  
(In Springtime)

Ya viene la primavera, sembrando flores, sembrando flores, ay, ay!  
Y ya los campos se esmaltan de mil colores, de mil colores.  
Cantan las aves, cantan las aves,  
Los otros repitan sus trinos suaves, sus trinos suaves.

No me mires que nos miren que nos miramos, que nos miramos, ay, ay!  
Y mirándonos se dice que nos amamos, que nos amamos.  
No nos miremos, no nos miremos,  
Que cuando no nos miren, nos miraremos, nos miraremos.

De sepulcro en sepulcro voy preguntando, voy preguntando, ay, ay!  
Si allí mora algún alma que murió amando, que murió amando.  
Respondió me una, respondió me una:  
"De mujeres millares, de hombre ninguna, de hombre ninguna."

Now cometh the springtime tender, wild flowers sowing, wild flowers sowing, ay, ay!  
And now are the fields a-splendor, all colors glowing, all colors glowing.  
Bird songs are ringing, bird songs are ringing,  
All the hills of the valley echo their singing, echo their singing.  
Eye me not for they are eyeing us, and they see us eye, see us eyeing, ay, ay!  
And eyeing at us they're saying that we are making, yes, lovers' eyeing.  
Now they are spying, now they are spying,  
When their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eyeing, then we'll be eyeing.

From grave unto grave I make my way, tapping, asking each, asking, proving, ay, ay!  
Is any soul here, I wonder, that died of loving, died just of loving?  
One answered candid, one answered candid,  
"Women, yes, by ten thousands, never a man did! Never a man did!"

Peña Hueca

(A Teamster's Song)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Peña de aquel cerro alto,  
Donde mi amada pasa la vida,  
Donde estará la consentida, ay!  
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Si estoy despierto, te estoy mirando,  
Si estoy dormido, te estoy soñando;  
Siempre la yunta andando, ay!  
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Cliff of that lofty mountain,  
Where she my loved one doth dwell contented,  
There, where she is that hath consented, ay!  
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

When I am waking, I see thy seeming,  
When I am sleeping, of thee I'm dreaming;  
E'er with my oxen teaming, ay!  
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

Note: Peña Hueca, a tiny Mexican hamlet named after the peculiar cliff behind it. (Peña, "cliff": Hueca, "hollow", or "cave".)  
Pronounced Pain-ya Way-ca.

La Noche 'sta Serena

(Serenade)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Smith

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

La noche 'sta serena, Tranquillo el aquilon,  
Tu dulce sentinela, Te guarda el corazon.  
Y en alas de los neblinos, Que vagan por dequies,  
Volando van mis suplicas, A ti, bella muger. ) Bis

De un corason que te ama, Recibe el tierno amor;  
No aumentas mas la llana, Pi dad de un trovador.  
Y si te mueve a lastima, El eterno padecer,  
Como te amo amador, Bellisima muger. ) Bis

So fair and still the night is, The very winds asleep:  
Thy sentinel so tender His watch and ward doth keep.  
And on the wings of zephyrs soft, That wander how they will,  
To thee, my fair one, all to thee, My prayers go flutt'ring still. ) Bis

Oh, take this heart to thy heart, His heart that doth adore!  
Fare not the flame consuming, That burns thy troubadour.  
And if compassion stir thy breast, For my eternal weal,  
Oh, as I love thee, loveliest of women, Love me so! ) Bis

Adios, Adios, Amores

(Farewell, Farewell, Our Loving)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Harris

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Adios, adios amores, Adios porque me ausento,  
Por tanto sentimiento que tu me has dado a mí.  
Por eso ya no quiero Amar más en la vida;  
A mi patria querida Me voy a retirar.

Tu prometes dulzuras, Y solo das penas:  
Lagrimas a mis ojos Se derraman por mí.  
Y de tu cruel saeta La herida es curada.  
No mas sacrificada, Tienes mi libertad.

Desconsuelos y penas, Angustias y dolores  
A tus adoradores No mas les sabes dar.  
Por eso ya no quiero, Amar más en la vida;  
A mi patria querida, Me voy a retirar.

Farewell, farewell, our loving! Farewell for I must sever  
From all the world forever That thou hast giv'n to me.  
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;  
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

Thou sweetest to bring sweetness, Thou bringest sorrow only,  
A million tears and lonely, Are falling eye for thee.  
Thy cruel arrow's wounding Is healed to hurt no longer;  
Thou'lt see me free and stronger, No more a slave to thee.

Disconsolate repining, Alas, and sorrow o'er thee,  
To thee that no more thee, Tis all thou know'st to give.  
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;  
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

La Barquillera

(The Girl and the Wherry)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lunnis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,  
En una fragil barquilla, Una tarde me embarque.  
Y la hermosa barquillera, No cesaba, no cesaba de remar,  
Y entre tanto que bogaba, Aspiraba con amor.

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,  
En una fragil barquilla, Una tarde me embarque.  
Barquillera, suelta el remo, Que se altera la manera de remar,  
Suelta el remo y ven a mis brazos, Y no temas naufragar.

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,  
En una fragil barquilla, una tarde me embarque.  
Deja, nina, que yo miro, Como va la blanca espuma por el mar,  
Que así van mis pecuniantes, En terrible tempestad.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,  
All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.  
And the lovely, sailor lassie, Never ceasing rowed away against the tide,  
But forever as she was rowing, with love she sighed and sighed.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,  
In a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.

For ears there, sailor lassie, For it dizzies me, the wonder  
are and come to my arms, love, And fear thou not  
ous part, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,  
le wherry, On an evening I put to sea.

may watch it, Now the foam is blooming snowy  
out to sea.  
I are going, In a tempest wild to thee.

# El Charro

## The Kind Hearted Boss

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lumels

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Estaba un charro cantando, En las trancas de un corral;

Su mayordomo le dice, "No estes triste, Nicolas."

Necesito buen caballo, Buena silla y buen gaban;

Su mayordomo le dice, "Lo que gustes, Nicolas."

Esa chica que usted tiene, Con ella me he de casar;

Su mayordomo le dice, "Tiene dueño, Nicolas."

Nicolas se desespera, y se quiere desbarrancar;

Su mayordomo le dice, "De cabeza, Nicolas."

A lonely cow-puncher was moaning, On the old corral-bar slick:

His boss he never says nothin', But, "Aw, don't be growling, Nick."

I need a good horse and saddle, And a slicker, 'n' I want 'em quick.

His boss he never says nothin', But, "What ever you say, Nick."

And that little biscuit shooter, She's just the wife I'd pick.

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "She is spoke for, Nick."

Nick gets desperate ready, To jump over the cliff right quick.

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "Do it head-first, Nick!"

El Zapatero

The Shoemaker

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lumsden

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Yo le dije a un zapatero  
Que me hiciera unos zapatos,  
Con el piquito redondo  
Como los tienen los patos.

Mal haya el zapatero,

Como me engañó!

Me hizo los zapatos

Y el piquito no!

Bis

I spoke to a shoemaker  
For to make me a pair of shoes,  
With the toes all nicely rounded  
Like a duck's bill or a goose's.

Confound that old shoemaker,

How he fooled me, though!

He made me up the shoes,

But not the duck-bill toe!

Bis

La Magica Mujer  
(The Witch)

Recorded and translated by Charles F. Lummis      Transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell

Una linda y magica mujer  
Me encanto con solo su mirar,  
Es vision o no se que,  
O es tan solo un angel sin igual.

Con un beso ardiente que me dió  
Con sus labios de coral me mato, me mato;  
Ay, y todito su amor a mi me entrego  
En mis brazos yo tenia reclinada a mi Maria.

Ven-te niña, ven-te, yo quiero darte  
Besos mil y mil,  
Que el que te adora siempre será  
Tuyo para ti.

She's a witch, the queen of witchery,  
She that snared me only with her eye.  
Is't a dream that raptured me,  
Or is't a peerless angel from the sky?

In one kiss endearing how she thrilled,  
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed;  
Aye, the full of her love to me she freely willed.  
In my arms I held my Mary, held my yielding, clinging fairy.

Come, O maiden, to me, countless of kisses  
All my own to be.  
Thine and adoring ever am I,  
Thine and vowed to thee.

Pepa

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Quiero a mi Pepa y no es broma, Por que es hombre muy formal,  
Ella se hace dolirar si a la ventana se asoma  
Y toma, y toma; Dase en la pica, paloma,  
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,

Ay! salero, ven aca.

Soy mas duro que una peña, Y el Pepe me desahaca,  
Con la muca que me hace Y el ojito que me guina.  
Y toma, y toma; Dase en tu pica, paloma,  
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,

Ay! salero, ven aca.

No hay otra heura en Sevilla de mas rango y mas coneo,  
Ni de tanto zarandeo Como tiene mi Pepilla.  
Y chillia, y chillia; Por Dios, nina, no se rinas,  
Si no hagas enfadar, Vales mas que el mundo entero,

Ay! salero, ven aca.

I love Pepa and that's no story, For she is a dame of honor,  
Sets me wild to gaze upon her At her easement in her glory.  
And take it, yes, long; Put me up thy beak, Paloma,  
And it's a Attie salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me!

I am harder than the granite And my Pepa has me crebbed,  
Making mouths to keep me humbled, And her little ink began it.  
And take it, yes, long; Put me up thy beak, Paloma,  
And its Attie salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me.

Not a dame in all Sevilla of more quality nor briser,  
Nor so lovely, lively a frizzer As my very own Pepilla.

She's bawling, and bawling; Goodness, girl, be done with bawling,  
And not always disagree! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me.

Chata Cara de Bule

(Bells of the Rosario)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Vuelve otra vez con tus palabras tiernas,  
Y vendrás a consolar a este hombre en su aflicción;  
Quien hubiera sabido que tu amor era ilusión, Ay!  
Para no haber consentida, ni puesto-te tanto amor.

Eran los ocho y media, cuando mi amor te di,  
Los campanos del Rosario, tocaban a la oración;  
Iba llegando alla Capula, cuando me acordé de ti, Ay!  
Horrorosa, chata cara de bule, que he de hacer si  
te perdí!

Come as of old and with thy words so tender,  
Come in mercy and console this man afflicted so;  
Who would ever have dreamed it, that thy love was but  
a show, Ay!  
That he never had consented, no, nor staked such love  
on thee.

'Twas half past eight in th'evening when I told my love  
to thee,  
And the church bells of the Rosary were sounding the call  
to prayer;  
I was just getting to Capula, when I chanced to think of  
thee, Ay!  
Oh! my horrid, snub-nosed, dish-face darling, What'll I  
do if I lose thee!

El Capotin  
(The Rain Song)

Yo soy firme para amarte y constante en el querer,  
Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando quiere a una mujer!

Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,  
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que sera al amanecer.  
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,  
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que sera al amanecer.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando empieza a enamorar,  
Toma vino, se emborracha, y se acuesta sin cenar.

Con el capotin-, etc.

No me mates, no me mates, con pistola ni puñal,  
Matame con tus ojitos, o esos labios de coral.

Con el capotin-, etc.

I am bounden for to love thee, and my constancy I'll show;  
O the troubles of a fellow when he loves a woman so!

With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,  
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.  
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,  
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.

What hard knocks befall a fellow when he falls in love at sight!  
Takes to wine and gets befuddled, goes to bed without a bite.

With the capotin-, etc.

Do not kill me, do not kill me, with a pistol or a knife!  
Kill me, rather, with thine eyes, love, with those red lips  
take my life.

With the capotin-, etc.

Note. The capotin is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a  
thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This  
is one of the best of the onomatopoeitic songs of Spanish-  
America.

El Quelele  
The White Hawk

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
A las tres de la mañana;  
El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y la lloran a enterrar.

Tres dragones y un cabo, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y el gato de sacristan.  
Y los Queleles chiquitos, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y se mueran de llorar.

Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Died as the morning was breaking;  
Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Now to his grave he must go.

Three dragoons and a corporal, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Tom-cat for a sacristan too.  
And all the baby Queleles, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Cry then to death in their woe.

La Primavera  
(In Springtime)

Ya viene la primavera, sembrando flores, sembrando flores, ay, ay!  
Y ya los campos se esmaltan de mil colores, de mil colores.  
Cantan las aves, cantan las aves,  
Los otros repitan sus trinos suaves, sus trinos suaves.

No me mires que nos miren que nos miramos, que nos miramos, ay, ay!  
Y mirandonos se dice que nos amamos, que nos amamos.  
No nos miremos, no nos miremos,  
Que cuando no nos miren, nos miraremos, nos miraremos.

De sepulcro en sepulcro voy preguntando, voy preguntando, ay, ay!  
Si allí mora algun alma que murio amando, que murio amando.  
Respondió me una, respondió me una:  
"De mujeres millares, de hombre ninguna, de hombre ninguna."

Now cometh the springtime tender, wild flowers sowing, wild flowers sowing, ay, ay!  
And now are the fields a-splendor, all colors glowing, all colors glowing.  
Bird songs are ringing, bird songs are ringing,  
All the hills of the valley echo their singing, echo their singing.  
Eye me not for they are eyeing us, and they see us eye, see us eyeing, ay, ay!  
And eyeing at us they're saying that we are making, yes, lovers' eyeing.  
Now they are spying, now they are spying,  
When their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eyeing, then we'll be eyeing.

From grave unto grave I make my way, tapping, asking each, asking, proving, ay, ay!  
Is any soul here, I wonder, that died of loving, died just of loving?  
One answered candid, one answered candid,  
"Women, yes, by ten thousands, never a man did! Never a man did!"

Peña Hueca

(A Teamster's Song)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lumsden

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Peña de aquel cerro alto,  
Donde mi amada pasa la vida,  
Donde estará la consentida, ay!  
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Si estoy despierto, te estoy mirando,  
Si estoy dormido, te estoy soñando;  
Siempre la yunta andando, ay!  
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Cliff of that lofty mountain,  
Where she my loved one doth dwell contented,  
There, where she is that hath consented, ay!  
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

When I am waking, I see thy seeming,  
When I am sleeping, of thee I'm dreaming;  
E'er with my oxen teaming, ay!  
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

Note: Peña Hueca, a tiny Mexican hamlet named after the peculiar cliff behind it. (Peña, "cliff"; Hueca, "hollow", or "cave".)  
Pronounced Pain-ya Way-ca.

La Noche 'esta Serena

(Serenade)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles Coleman

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

La noche 'esta serena, Tranquillo el aguillon,

Tu dulce sencillez, Te guarda el corazon.

Y ed alas de los zefiros, Que vagan por doquier,

Volando van mis suplicas, A ti, bella mujer. ) Bis

De un corazon que te ama, Recibe el tierno amor;

No aumentas mas la llana, Piedad de un trovador.

Y si te mueve a lastima, Mi eterno padecer,

Como te amo amame, Bellisima mujer. ) Bis

So fair and still the night is, The very winds asleep:

Thy sentinel so tender His watch and ward doth keep.

And on the wings of zephyrs soft, That wander how they will,

To thee, my fair one, all to thee, My prayers go flutt'ring still. ) Bis

Oh, take this heart to thy heart, His heart that doth adore!

Can not the flame consuming, That burns thy troubadour.

And if compassion stir thy breast, For my eternal foe,

Oh, as I love thee, loveliest of women; love me so! ) Bis

Adios, Adios, Amores.

(Farewell, Farewell, Our Loving.)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Adios, adios amores, Adios porque me ausento,  
Por tanto sentimiento Que tu me has dado a mi.  
Por eso ya no quiero Amar mas en la vida;  
A mi patria querida Me voy a retirar.

Tu prometes dulzuras, Y solo das pesares;  
Lagrimas a millares Se derraman por ti.  
Y de tu cruel saeta La herida es curada:  
No mas sacrificada, Veras mi libertad.

Desconsuelon y penas, Angustias y dolores  
A tus adoradores No mas les sabes dar.  
Por eso ya no quiero, Amar mas en la vida;  
A mi patria querida, Me voy a retirar.

Farewell, farewell, our loving! Farewell for I must sever  
From all the woes forever That thou hast giv'n to me.  
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;  
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

Swearst to bring sweetness, Thou bringest sorrow only,  
Tears and lonely, Are falling aye for thee.

Now's wounding Is healed to hurt no longer;  
Free and stronger, No more a slave to thee.

Alas, and sorrow o'er thee,  
Thee, 'Tis all thou know'st to give.  
Still linger, No more I shall be falling;  
Calling And thither I must flee.

## La Barquillera

(The Girl and the Wherry)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Summala

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
Arthur Maxwell

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,  
En una frágil barquilla, Una tarde me embarque.  
Y  
Y la hermosa barquillera, No cesaba, no cesaba de bogar,  
Y entre tanto que bogaba, Suspiraba con amor.

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,  
En una frágil barquilla, Una tarde me embarque.  
Barquillera, suelta el remo, Que no altera tu manera de bogar,  
Suelta el remo y ven a mis brazos, Y no temas naufragar.

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,  
En una frágil barquilla, una tarde me embarque.  
Deja, niña, que yo mire, Como va la blanca espuma por el mar,  
Que así van mis pesamientos, En terrible tempestad.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,  
All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.  
And the lovely, sailor lassie, Never ceasing rowed away against the tide,  
But forever as she was rowing, with love she sighed and sighed.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,  
All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.  
Drop your oars there, sailor lassie, For it dazzles me, the wonder  
way you row;  
Drop your oars and come to my arms, love, And fear thou not  
ship-wreck so.  
All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,  
All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.

Leave it, lass, that I may watch it, How the foam is blowing snowy  
out to sea!  
For it's so my thought are going, In a tempest wild to thee.

## El Charro

### The Kind Hearted Boss

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Luzzis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Estaba un charro sentado, En las trancas de un corral;

Su mayordomo le dice, "No estes triste, Nicolas."

Necesito buen caballo, Buena silla y buen gaban;

Su mayordomo le dice, "Lo que gustes, Nicolas."

Esa chica que usted tiene, Con ella no he de casar:

Su mayordomo le dice, "Tiene dueño, Nicolas."

Nicolas se desespera, y se quiere desbarrancar;

Su mayordomo le dice, "De cabeza, Nicolas."

A lonely cow-puncher was moping, On the old corral-bar slick;

His boss he never says nothin', But, "Aw, don't be grooching, Nick."

I need a good horse and saddle, And a slicker, 'n' I want 'em quick.

His boss he never says nothin'; But, "What ever you say, Nick."

And that little biscuit shooter, She's just the wife I'd pick.

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "She is spoke for, Nick."

Then Nick gets desperate ready, To jump over the cliff right quick.

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "Do it head-first, Nick!"

El Zapatero

The Shoemaker

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lumsis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Yo le dije a un zapatero  
Que me hiciera unos zapatos,  
Con el piquito redondo  
Como los tienen los patos.

Malhaya el zapatero,  
Como me engañó!  
He hizo los zapatos  
Y el piquito no!      Bis

I spoke to a shoemaker  
For to make me a pair of shoes,  
With the toes all nicely rounded  
Like a duck's bill or a geese.

Confound that old shoemaker,  
How he fooled me, though!  
He made me up the shoes,  
But not the duck-bill toe!      Bis

La Magica Mujer  
(The Witch)

Recorded and translated by Charles F. Lummis      Transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell

Una linda y magica mujer  
Me encanto con solo su mirar,  
Es vision o no se que,  
O es tan solo un angel sin igual.

Con un beso ardiente que me dió  
Con sus labios de coral me mato, me mato;  
Ay, y todito su amor a mi me entrego  
En mis brazos yo tenia reclinada a mi Maria.

Ven-te niña, ven-te, yo quiero darte  
Besos mil y mil,  
Que el que te adora siempre será  
Tuyo para ti.

She's a witch, the queen of witchery,  
She that charmed me only with her eye.  
Is't a dream that raptured me,  
Or is't a peerless angel from the sky?

In one kiss endearing how she thrilled,  
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed;  
Aye, the full of her love to me she freely willed.  
In my arms I held my Mary, held my yielding, clinging fairy.

Come, O maiden, to me, countless of kisses  
All my own to be.  
Thine and adoring ever am I,  
Thine and vowed to thee.

Es el Amor Mariposa  
(Butterfly Love)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lumsis

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Es el amor mariposa, que a la salida del sol  
Extiende sus blancas alas, y vuela de flor en flor.  
Es el amor un gilguero, que busca su nuevo placer  
Y manda sus dulces cantos a la primera que ve.  
Por ese morena mia, cuando te vi,  
Te dije que te queria, con frenesi.  
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,  
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Es el amor como un niño, caprichoso y jugueton,  
Que por un juguete nuevo, desprecia el que le sirvió.  
En este mundo, paloma, todo pasa tan veloz,  
Que nos deja saboreando, aquello que nos gustó.  
Por ese si no te enoja este cantar,  
Esa tu boquita roja, ábrela ya.  
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,  
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Love is a butterfly ever, that with the first sunny hour  
Wide opens on snowy pinions, and flutters from flower to flower.  
Love is the likes of a linnet, that pleasure in novelty greets,  
And pours out his love-song golden, wherever a fair he meets.  
And so when I first espied thee, my nut-brown maid,  
In frenzy of love beside thee, thy love I prayed;  
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -  
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,  
How blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby, capricious and plaything-mad,  
That, aye, for a newer plaything disprizes the one he had.  
In this our world, my Paloma, all passes away, and so fast,  
It leaves in the mouth but savor of sweetness already past.  
And so, if thou'rt not offended by this my lay,  
That little rose mouth, bow-bended, open, I pray!  
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -  
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,  
How blest we'll be.

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lumsden

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Quiero a mi Pepa y no es broma, Por que es hombrea muy formal,  
Ella se hace deliciar Si a la ventana se asoma  
Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, paloma,  
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,

Ay! salero, ven aca.

Soy mas duro que una peña, Y mi Pepa se deshace.  
Con la muca que me hace Y el ojito que me guisa.  
Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, paloma,  
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,

Ay! salero, ven aca.

No hay otra hombrea en Sevilla De mas rango y mas moneo,  
Ni de tanto zarandeo Como tiene mi Pepilla.  
Y chilla, y chilla; Por Dios, nina, no me riñas,  
Ni me hagas enfadar, Vales mas que el mundo entero,

Ay! salero, ven aca.

I love Pepa and that's no story, For she is a dame of honor,  
Sets me wild to gaze upon her At her easement in her glory.  
And take it, yes, long: Put me up thy beak, Paloma,  
And it's Attie salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me!

I am harder than the granite And my Pepa has me crumbled,  
Making mouths to keep me humbled, And her little sink began it.  
And take it, yes, long: Put me up thy beak, Paloma,  
And its Attie salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me.

As a dame in all Sevilla of more quality nor brisier,  
So lovely, lively a frisker As my very same Pepilla.

She's bawling, and bawling; Goodness, girl, be done with bawling,  
And not always disagree! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me.